

BILL MARLIN'S THANKSGIVING.

BY CAPTAIN W. E. SHELTON.

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"I ain't complainin' o' grub or grog aboard this 'ere raft, but if the old man had been so minded as to take my advice and leave the cook's cut aboard, I'd be havin' her over the rail soon's we left port the brig 'n'd a-been makin' into Boston in another week stidder hevin' gone to Davy Jones', and him, with the rest of the crew, clavin' seaweed 'longside of her. I wouldn't knur a rope's end fur this 'ere turn in the tide," continued Bill, "if I hadn't made a date with a shipmet o' mine, Lige Hawkins by name, hailin' from New Bedford, when he's afloat, but now hein ashore in them 'ere parts. When I pass my word, Jack, it's same's if I signed articles, and that's mor'n I've done aboard this crib."

The raft was made of spars and empty pork barrels, with a outdawn jib rigged on a jury mast forward, and our stores and dunnage in a lead colored chest lashed amidships alongside of the water tank, and the whole tripping outst rolling on the seas, climb'n up hill and poasin into the trough and clawin off sideways like a fiddler crab.

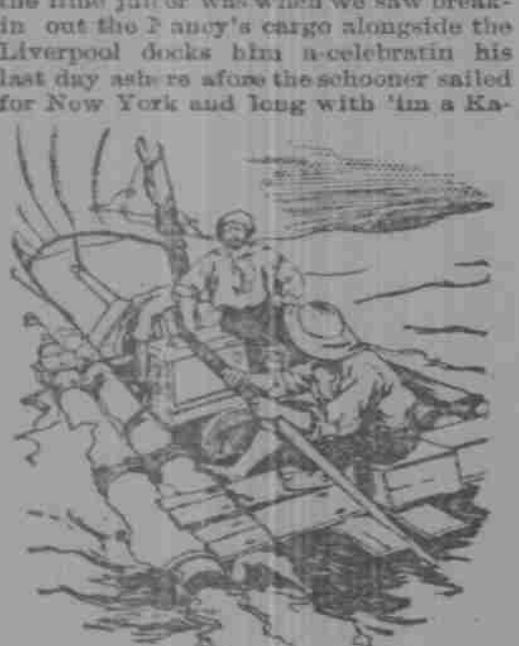
Accordin to our reckonin, this was the 18th of November (year '45), and three days before the brig Nancy of Portland, from Liverpool into Boston, with a cargo of tin plate, had been struck by an easter, and the captain had driven her before the winds for 48 hours under next to bare poles until her fore and main sticks went overboard in an extra gale, and her rotten old hull sprang a-leak. When the old man gave up the pumps, expectin her to go down before mornin, we provisioned the two quarter boats regular, and the captain, hevin the compass, and Bill Marlin, hein mate of the Nancy, hevin only the ship's barometer to sail by, the crew was that crazy to go in the captain's boat that they swarmed over the side and swamped her before our eyes, leavin Bill and me leamin on the rail and the old man and all hands goin to the bottom like lead afore we could heave 'em so much as a rope's end.

Me and Bill eased away the other boat, and when she struck the water a cross sea stove her against the brig and crushed her like an eggshell.

"Shipmet," says Bill, "it ain't fittin to go to sea jist yit, and what we've got to do is pump 'er," and pump her we did all that night, watch and watch, the other one lashin the raft. By mornin the water had gained nine inches on us, and the ship had settled that much by the side. Bill's face was long, but he allowed it wasn't no use to put off till the raft was shipshape and her stores lashed proper, so we worked and pumped till near noon and swung the whole outfit overboard by the mizzenmast boom and got onto it in our oilskin pajamas, and clear of the Nancy in time to see her go down bow on.

When I asked Bill what the nature of his engagement with Hawkins of New Bedford might be, he said it was social and religious and included wearin alongside and heavin aboard a Thanksgiving dinner, and he had the old man's consent beforehand for the cruise ashore.

"I was two year shipmet with Lige aboard a Bedford whaler up north in '88 and '89, and then I struck him agin in '93 aboard a West India lime juicer in the coastin trade, and comin into Boston on time we had shore leave together on Thanksgiving day, and bein New England born of honest fishermen we kept the day proper, accordin to our lights. The next I seen of 'er Lige after we left the lime juicer was when we saw breakin out the 2 duncy's cargo alongside the Liverpool docks him a-celebratin his last day ashore afore the schooner sailed for New York and long with 'im a Ka-



Bill Marlin sat upon the chest, and hein a sailor man what I'd messed with aforetime on a gale ship from Callo to Frisco, and after comin around with them two all day, bein sober, I made the date with Lige and seen the two board the Lightfoot, which was a three masted and a-beavin of her anchor then and there for to put to sea."

Bill hevin said them words, a green sea combed over his end of the raft, and when he came up blowin he pulled the glass out of his pocket, and holdin it up he says, eyin it careful: "She's

gone up five points, Jack, since we shipped, and I 'low she's moderatin. What quarter's the wind in?"

"How do I know?" says L. "Hain't the old man got the compass?"

"So he has," says Bill, "and he ain't noodin of it either, hevin made port. I've been 20 years afore the mast," continued Bill, lookin grieved, "in nigh as many ships, and I've observed that when a sailorman ships in a hurry he generally carries some article in his dunnings what he'd better left behind." The glass was right, and before night set in the sea had moderated perceptibly, and although we were awake all night securely lashed to the raft, drenched with salt water and hevin nearly perished with cold, hope revived at the comin of daylight. The rummin seas had quieted to long smooth swells, and then the sun came up over the port bow and put new life into us. We unlashed ourselves from the chest, where we had been sittin back to back for eight hours, and spread the bit of sail and set her course west, as there away New Bedford lay, and Bill swore while there was a biscuit in the locker he'd do his best to keep his date.

"Lige Hawkins is an out and out sea lawyer," said Bill, "and altho 'tain't no use I'd feel more easy in my mind to know she's headed for Bedford." Then we ate some pilot bread and dates out of the chest and took a swallow of rum and rummaged down to the pipes and bacy and took off our oilskin pajamas to let the sun have leeway onto our woollens. Bein refreshed, Bill set on the chest and tended abet while I lay astern and held her across the swells with a long oar.

"I won't say 'as I altogether like this," remarked Bill between pulls at his pipe, "but I tell you, Jack, the next ship I sign aboard 'll be after I 'zamin her sticks. It's my opinion them as was on the Nancy had dry rot into 'em, not to mention the hull."

"I'm glad you're expectin to have the chance to sign agin, Bill," I said.

"In course," cried Bill, "I've been shippin aboard one tub after another all my life, and I 'low to keep on doin it." After that the weather held fair, with plenty of wind astern, and we worked the raft, watch and watch, and got



our regular sleep. On the sixth day of the cruise, which was the 24th of the month, some wreckage hove in sight dead ahead, and when we made it it proved to be the two masts of a schooner held together by the stays, with booms and gaffs and main sheets complete and all the balliards.

"More dry rot," says Bill, "but I reckon we better wear ship and tackle to it." The sea bein calm, we did so, and Bill got off his togs and boarded the sticks, with a line about his middle and a meat knife from the chest in his teeth. It was an all day's job, but with an occasional dram to keep out the cold we got off the sails and floated the masts end for end and lashed one on our starboard side with the boom across the stern and the other to port with her boom across the bows, and with the gaffs turned up and guyed forward and rigged with canvas we had a craft that no sea could make under, although it might sweep us off.

"There," says Bill after we got her under way, with the sun an hour high over the port bow, "she may not be fast, but she's staunch, and we're b'lin away for Bedford."

Afore sun set we sighted a ship to leeward beatin up against the wind, and when she came alongside she hove to and sent off a boat.

I was feelin mighty chipper at the prospect of seeing the American flag agin, but Bill Marlin sat on the chest amidships puffin away at his pipe.

"Lower away the mainmast and ease 'er," roared Bill.

I lowered the sail, and the raft laft to, and by that time the boat swung alongside, eight ears up, mao-o-war style, and the starchiest Yankee mate in the stern that ever sailed out of Boston.

"Come, tumble aboard here, men," says the airy mate, "and be quick about it. There's no room for that chest."

"Where ye bound?" says Bill Marlin, takin out his pipe and spittin to windward.

"What's that to you where we're bound?" growls the mate from Boston. "Look a-here," says Bill Marlin, "I've got a date with a shipmet in New Bedford, and your bow looks to be onto the wrong end o' the ship. I ain't goin back to Liverpool, and you better git your boathook out o' my sta'b'ard sail."

"What time are you due in New Bedford on that timber crab?" says the mate, laughin.

"On Thanksgiving day," says Bill. "Whenever that is."

"Well, that's tomorrow by order of the governor of the commonwealth of Massachusetts," says the mate.

"You might a-missed yer reck'nin," says Bill.

"No," said the mate. "Here's a Boston paper a week old with the proclamation in it," and with that he hove the newspaper onto the raft.

"Well, where be we anyway, shipmet?" says Bill, scettin.

"We're five days out from Boston," says the mate.

"A beatin and a-clawin up agin a head



wind and sea," says Bill, scratchin his head and pullin the glass out of his pocket and holdin it up.

"Are ye comin aboard or ain't ye?" roared the mate, standin up in the stern.

"Stan by, shipmet," says Bill, "and leave me time to settle. Fair and stiddy at that. Thanks kindly, officer," says Bill, standin up himself alongside the chest. "The raft keeps her course for Bedford."

"Anything you're short of?" says the mate.

"I wouldn't refuse a little extra grog and somethin ready cooked," says Bill.

While we were layin to for the donation the moon came up off the stern post, and Bill spelled out the governor's proclamation. The mate did uncommonly well by us, and besides the grog sent us a four pound lump of plumduff. And the quartermaster who brought it had been a shipmet of Bill's somewhere in the China seas, and a finer night with a fairer wind I never saw aboard ship than that was time we got under way.

"I never know any luck come of chargin ships at sea when the other one was gon in the wrong direction," says Bill, "though I wouldn't mind boardin one headed for the 'Merican coast. I know Lige is layin off for me in Bedford, keepin his date, and I 'low to report that soon's I can get ashore."

Somewhere about two bells Bill turned in behind the chest, and in five minutes he was snorin like a trumpet. The wind freshened, and the raft bowed along for four hours at a three knot gait, and it must have been past midnight when I gave the helm to him. It seemed like I hadn't more than just got to sleep when Bill woke me up.

"Brace up, Jack," he says, "and lend a hand. There's a wreck o' some sort



when we sat down to the spread.

layin off the sta'b'ard bow, and I 'low to sheer up and board 'er."

Sure enough, not two miles away was a hull layin rather low in the water, with the mizzenmast standin.

"I've had my eye onto her for an hour," says Bill, "and I'm a lubber if she don't belong to the two sticks we come up with this mornin."

The wind was fallin off, and we beat up slow. When I turned out, she was clean out against the sky, her mizzenmast swayin across the stars, but by the time we made her it was gettin daylight. The sea was like oil when we came alongside and hitched onto her fore chains and climbed on deck.

"I ain't denyin," says Bill, "that there's comfort in standin on solid oak agin, and she ain't so bad stove, but I reckon we could work her by riggin some of our spare canvas forrard. Jist you hear inter the galley, Jack," says Bill, "and I'll spy out the cabin."

With that he went rollin aft till he pitched up alongside the stumps of the mainmast.

"More dry rot, Jack, just like I told ye," roared Bill, lookin back.

That minute I near fell over into the chains, for up out of the cabin companion behind Bill was a human head as bald as a grape shot.

"What the h—l," says the head, and Bill was that skared, being powerful superstitious, that he started to run and caught his toe in the main hatch and rolled over on the deck. The bald-headed man came out in his shirt, with

a belayin pin in his hand, snortin like a porpoise. "Why don't ye speak a ship afore ye board her?" says he, cussin awful, and then he threw up his hands and dropped the pin.

"My God, forgive me!" he says. "It's Bill Marlin."

"What of 'tis?" says Bill, gettin on his pins, mighty sore and put out. "What sort of a d—d blue nosed sea lawyer of a walkin ghost be you anyway to shoot up out of a wreck and nigh skeer the life out of two honest sailormen offen a raft, and them swamped and starvin? I'm a fo'castle cat stuck in tar ef I didn't think better of you, Lige Hawkins, and with that they fell a-foul of each other, waltzin all over the deck, and while they was at it the Kanaker sailorman walked his black legs out of the companionway and began to dance around the two.

"Today's the day," says Bill, punchin Lige in the chest and gettin the Boston newspaper out of his olekins. "There's the governor's proclamation. Read it."

"Well, I'm d—d!" says Lige, leerin at it upside down.

After Bill shook hands with the Kanaker man from the guano ship he introduced me all round and explained to Hawkins how we had left the Nancy and how we had refused to go on board the ship for Liverpool the night before.

By that time the sun was lightin up Hawkins' bald head, and he a-gapin at Bill, with his brooches in his hand, which the nigger had brought to him.

"Now," says Bill, "what be you layin here for, Lige Hawkins, and what's become of the skipper and the crew of the Lightfoot?"

"What am I layin here for?" says Hawkins. "I'm a-waitin for a ship into Boston. The old man and the rest o' the hands went aboard a bark bound into Bristol two weeks ago, and wanted me to go along with them, but I told 'em I'd see 'em d—d first, hevin a date with a shipmet in New Bedford on the 'Merican coast."

"Go into yer togs," says Bill. "We've got a chest full of plumduff and grog aboard the raft."

The Lightfoot was loaded with wool and some light merchandise, and when the crew left her Hawkins said the sea was so rough the skipper expected her to swamp, and it was all they could do to get off the men. There was no lack of provisions and stores on board, and the Kanaker man and I turned in and did the cookin, and Bill nailed the governor's proclamation to the mizzenmast.

"Business is business," says Bill.

"What's the bloomin cargo worth, Lige?"

"Nothin where she lays," says Hawkins, sorryful. "If we had her into port, she'd be good for \$100,000. It's a pity, Bill, so 'tis, but there ain't a yard of canvas onto 'er."

"That 'ud be \$25,000 apiece, allowin four lays into 'er share and share," says Bill.

"Waal," says Hawkins, "what of it?"

"Nothin," says Bill. "Only I've brought along two mainmasts and yer far'd sticks."

And with that the two went down the fore chains onto the raft.

By dinner time they had got a new set of sails onto the mizzenmast, hoisted the chest on board and laid their plans for riggin light canvas forward and takin the prize into New York, all of which we afterward did.

When we sat down to the spread on deck, besides the plumduff and the grog, we had soup and salt junk and marmalade and coffee, and Bill said, considerin of what we'd gone through and what we had before us, he'd be willin to give a small lay into the cargo for a sea parson to say grace onto the grub.

When we had cleared the board, we brought out the pipes and bacy from the chest, and all hands 'lowed we had plenty to be thankful for.

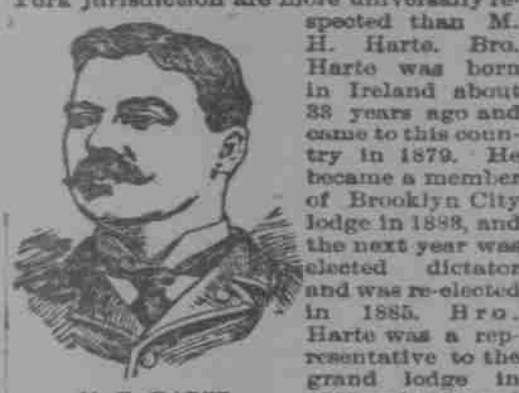
"I'm a plain sailorman," says Bill Marlin, "and a yo heave ho, but when I makes a date with a shipmet I'm goin for to keep it if so be I can, and the same for Lige Hawkins from New Bedford town, and a yo heave ho, heave ho."

SECRET SOCIETIES.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Bro. M. H. Harte, Grand Dictator of New York—Fraternal Notings.

Few members of the order in the New York jurisdiction are more universally respected than Bro.



M. H. Harte. Harte was born in Ireland about 38 years ago and came to this country in 1879. He became a member of Brooklyn City Lodge in 1888, and the next year was elected dictator and was re-elected in 1889. Bro. Harte was a representative to the grand lodge in 1888 and 1890 and was elected grand vice dictator, and at the last session of the grand lodge he was unanimously chosen to fill the highest office within its gift.

Tennessee has now 119 lodges, with a membership of 8,180, a loss of 681. There are eight German lodges in Brooklyn.

Two assessments for November.

The new schedule enables a person who is between 18 and 30 years of age to carry \$2,000 for two years at an average cost per annum of \$8.33 per \$1,000, based on the highest cost ever attained in the history of the Knights of Honor since organization, now more than 21 years past.

Notwithstanding the membership in Texas decreased during the past year, the death rate in that state also decreased 1.80 in a thousand.

Massachusetts has started in for a great winter campaign.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Important Decision by the Indiana Courts.

Recent Cases. Judge Brown of the circuit court of Indiana, sitting at Indianapolis, decided the Pythian suit in favor of the grand lodge. The suit was brought to recover property claimed by Koerner lodge after it had voted to leave the order, owing to the rulings and declarations concerning the use of the German ritual. The court held that when a lodge withdraws and surrenders its charter the grand lodge holds it in trust for one year, and then in case the lodge is not reorganized the property becomes the absolute possession of the grand lodge. An appeal was filed.

A new law says that one ballot, if clear, shall entitle an applicant to membership, instead of three ballots, as formerly.

Thirteen of the charter members of the St. Vincent branch of the Father Mathew society, at Plymouth, Pa., have been suspended because they joined the Knights of Pythias.

Any Knight in good standing in a subordinate lodge is entitled to hold any office without reference to previous service in the lodge.

The grand jurisdiction of Arkansas has raised the \$30,000 necessary to secure the National Pythian sanitarium at Hot Springs. It will cost \$250,000.

J. H. Hawthorne of Kansas City has been elected supreme representative for Missouri for a term of three years.

There are 34 temples of Rathbone Sisters in Illinois, with a membership of 1,190 Sisters and 849 Knights.

UNITED WORKMEN.

Arguments Favoring the \$1,000 Certificate.

Bench Shavings. We stated in the supreme lodge that the adoption of the amendment would make a difference of at least 1,000 members in the Michigan admissions this year, says the Michigan Herald. The statement was true. A sister organization in the state of Michigan issued 1,300 certificates during the month of August, of which 372 were for \$2,000 and 828 were for \$1,000. Do those opposed to the \$1,000 certificate suppose that these 828 citizens, good and true, of the state of Michigan are not good enough for the A. O. U. W., or is it more a dog in the manger policy that actuates these good brothers?

Make the lodge meetings more interesting, and there will be a revival of interest all along the line.

Five leading lodges in Massachusetts during the term ending July 1 initiated 223 members, or an average of more than 40 each.

Considering a day to consist of ten working hours, the A. O. U. W. pays out \$1,000 to widows and orphans every hour.

Few members of the order realize that the outstanding liabilities are nearly \$700,000,000.

Royal Arcanum.

The new application blank took effect Oct. 1, and all applications presented must be upon this form.

The proceedings of the supreme council for 1894 make a portly volume of over 400 pages and will repay a careful perusal, as much important legislation was enacted. The mammoth councils of the order are New York, with 1,843 members; Long Island, Brooklyn, 1,274; DeWitt Clinton, Brooklyn, 1,079; Garden City, Chicago, 979; Northwestern, Chicago, 916; DeLong, Brooklyn, 795; Valley, St. Louis, 727.

Missouri council shows up finely in the supreme secretary's quarterly report, with 240 initiations during the quarter ending Sept. 30 and a total membership of 4,556.

Independent Order of Foresters.

Forestry was not taken into Canada until 1843.

Forestry is progressive in its nature, and its motto is "Every man for every man, himself included." Its ruling principles are benevolence and friendship.

Forestry was first introduced into the United States by the grant of a dispensation to Court Goodspeed, 451, Philadelphia, in December, 1836.

Knights and Ladies of Honor.

A handsome series of prizes for obtaining new members has been offered by the supreme protector.

The deaths numbered 162—91 males and 71 females—in Illinois for the term, showing that the female risks are superior to the males. Grand Treasurer Oscar Meister reported \$19,168.22 received and \$14,548.66 paid out, leaving a balance of \$4,619.60.

PIPER HEIDSIECK PLUG TOBACCO.



Consumers of chewing tobacco who are willing to pay a little more for the price charged for the ordinary trade tobaccos, will find this brand superior to all others. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The Chaperon Trouble.

An interesting instance of the social war in New York at present is the trouble that has arisen over the matter of chaperons. There are in New York several women of good social position, but of very limited resources, who manage to eke out a subsistence by dwelling in the houses of the wealthy in the character of discreet friends of the family. They fill out vacant places at table and are very useful when theater parties and the like are in need of an elderly escort. It is to Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt that the growth of this system is due. She has caused to be filleted, as it were, some very aristocratic but poor southern women in the houses of the New York plutocrats on some such basis as that outlined above.

In one case Mrs. Vanderbilt has refused to receive a well known debutante, whose father is prominent in New York and Philadelphia financial circles, because she regularly dispenses with a chaperon. The consequence is that Mrs. Vanderbilt has added to the unpopularity which she now enjoys, and a general protest has gone forth against denunciations of all kinds. It is about settled that the New York girl will have no chaperon at all. It remains to be seen whether Mrs. Vanderbilt has power enough left to save the chaperon.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Electric Tooth Pulling.

Trials have been made at London with a new apparatus for the extraction of teeth by electricity. It consists in an induction coil of extremely fine wire, having an interrupter that can vibrate at the rate of 430 times a second. The patient sits in the traditional armchair and takes the negative electrode in his left and the positive in his right. At this moment the operator turns on a current whose intensity is gradually increased till it has attained the utmost limit that the patient can support. The extractor is then put in circuit and fastened on the tooth, which, under the action of the vibrations, is loosened at once.

The operation is performed very quickly, and the patient feels no other sensation than the pricking produced in the hands and forearms by the passage of the current. "It would be interesting," concludes L. Nature, "to have a detailed description of the apparatus to complete this somewhat brief description."—Paris Nature.

Sawdust Bread.

The Continental Holz Zeitung says: "The production of bread from a mixture of sawdust, bran and rye flour has outgrown the stage of experiment, and at present there is a factory established in Berlin which produces a daily quantity of ten tons of wood bread. The great Berlin street railway company is the instigator of the production of this new food material and feeds at present a large number of horses with wood bread. The daily ration for a horse is about 15 kilograms. The sawdust is brought to fermentation by a chemical process like the bran and rye flour, which is added to the first after the process of fermentation. Three-quarters to two-thirds parts of sawdust are well mixed with the bran and flour, and the mixture is formed into loaves and baked. The sawdust in this shape forms a bread which can be used as human food. Baked in flat cakes, it has a biscuitlike taste. The price of wood bread is at present 8 marks per hundredweight."

Admire Our Supreme Court.

Sir Henry Wrixon of Victoria, Australia, who is now in this country for the purpose of studying its labor conditions, paid the following tribute to the United States supreme court the other day: "We recognize the supreme court of the United States as one of the greatest judicial institutions. Its decisions command the greatest respect of every English court. While its decisions may not have the same technical precision as those in England, they are broader in principle and are recognized as fountain heads of the greatest principles of law."

Student Conspirators.

At Tarnopol, in Galicia, a secret society was recently discovered composed of some 70 high school boys, of which the object was the separation of Galicia from the Austrian empire and the establishment of an independent Polish kingdom. The boys met regularly an hour before school to deliver speeches attacking the emperor and the pope. The government has actually prosecuted 18 of them for high treason.—Vienna Correspondent.

Come early and avoid the rush at the Change of Business Shoe sale, 738 Kan-
sas avenue.